

# THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VI.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, NOVEMBER 15, 1854.

NO. 21.

## THE LILY,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT MOUNT VERNON, O.

Terms—Fifty Cents per annum in Advance, or Seven Copies for Three Dollars.

LET AM communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor & Proprietor.

Office—Over Sperry & Co.'s Store, Corner of Main & Gambier St.

For The Lily.  
SERENADE.

BY W. E. FABOR.

Beneath thy myrtle lattice now  
Oh! Lady fair I wait;  
The moonbeams play upon my brow,  
My steed is at the gate;  
My harp is in a lover's hands—  
A lover's words he brings,  
And bids you burst the sleeping bands  
And list the song he sings.

O Lady! born in a warmer clime  
Than this, our Northern shore—  
The burden of my simple rhyme  
Betrays the spirit's lore;  
My heart is full to overflow,  
But ah! my lips are still;  
And words have scarce the power to show  
How oft my thoughts you fill.

Wake, Lady, wake! the moonbeams fall  
O'er moorland, vale and plain;  
The bulbul chants her witching call  
And echo chants again.  
Impatiently I count the time  
That flows so slowly by—  
Impatiently I roll my rhyme  
Since thou, love, art not nigh.

The lattice opes! I see a hand—  
A fair white hand—and see!  
A rose-bud tied with a silken band  
Trembles in air for me,  
I snatch the bud and place the flower  
Above my heart's quick swell  
And hie me to my quiet bower  
To read the missive well.

HARLEM N. Y., Oct., 1854.

## KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right," as the law directs,  
For such is the law of the road:  
Keep to the right, whoever expects  
Securely to carry Life's load.

Keep to the right with God and the world,  
Nor wander, though folly allures;  
Keep to the right, nor ever be hurled  
From what by the statute is yours.

Keep to the right, within and without—  
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;  
Keep to the right, nor harbor a doubt  
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right, whatever you do,  
Nor claim but your own on the way;  
Keep to the right, and stick to the true,  
From morn till the close of the day.

## THE TURNING POINT.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

Lucy Holmes was one of the most frolicsome, light-hearted beings that ever shook ringlets. Thoughtless! yes, thoughtless as the sunbeam on the floor. Often would old farmer Holmes smilingly smooth back her hair, and call her his mad-cap girl; and then sigh as he wondered whether time and care would gently bend down that light spirit, or break it at once. Lucy had no mother, and Aunt Tabitha used to say that she had her hands full with her. Aunt Tabitha was very prominent in the church—one of those people who always draw their mouths down and their eye-brows up, and assume a lugubrious tone when they talk about religion. "I never can get Lucy to think of anything serious!" was her perpetual complaint to Deacon Fowler's wife, their next neighbor. "I think that at seventeen it is time that she should see the vanity of this world, and be converted."

"Oh well! young people will be a little gay."

"Lucy is more than a *little* gay. I wish I could get her to set under the new minister in the South Church. He is getting up a revival, and has anxious meetings every evening. Sister Wickfield told me she had a delightful season there the other night."

Aunt Tabitha thought a great deal of dignified behavior, and Lucy often awakened her righteous indignation on that point. She would dance about the house, and often, with sun-bonnet in hand, bound into the very room where her aunt sat in grave converse with the "revival preacher" or with some of the "sisters." The sanctimonious air and whine of some of these "sisters" Lucy would often mimic. Mr. Holmes would shake his head, saying, "My daughter, your aunt means well. It is unfortunate she deals so much in these cant phrases. They are ridiculous to you, and very offensive to me. It is sometimes a fault among religious people. They lay open to ridicule the religion really dear to them. They debase it in the eyes of the world, for very few take the pains to separate the gold from the dross; and make their conversation very unwholesome, to say the least, to many good people whose taste and refinement turn from everything of the kind. As for me, I am a plain man, and don't pretend to much taste, but I don't like such things. Let not your good be evil spoken of."

Lucy always listened to her father's words with a glimpse of the beauty in simple religion, standing by itself, refining and ennobling; but she lost it again when she viewed the robe in which Mrs. Tabitha enveloped hers; and she wondered whether it was only a robe, and not a necessary adjunct.

Lucy was fond of gay colors, and feathers and flowers, and aunt Tabitha cast up her eyes at the sight of them as part of the vanities of this life. Lucy's perfectly formed frame and bounding spirits impelled her to the natural exercise of dancing, and aunt Tabitha held it as a crying sin in a church member to allow his daughter to conform so much to this world. But Lucy danced on, and sung on, as much a child as she was at twelve years of age.

In the outskirts of the village at Greendale stood a dilapidated cottage—hut, rather. The reckless, dogged look of the man who sat smoking his pipe in the doorway, and the lazy, dirty children who lay about, told the character of the inhabitants. The good people had a missionary society, and a society for the relief of the poor; but the poor must be "worthy, deserving objects," not ragged, idle outcasts, and all their missionary sympathies were engaged for "fields" on the other side of the world, (Barrioboola Gha, perhaps,) overlooking the real missionary ground at their very doors. They thought more of educating little East Indians, who, even when elevated, would still be an inferior race, than of enlightening those in whose veins runs the proud Saxon blood, formed for action and rule, now swaying the destinies of the world. Did I say all their sympathies were engaged? Stop! There were some visionaries among them, who cried out in horror at the ignorance and moral degradation of the New Zealanders, and never took the trouble to inform themselves that there were those in their own village, in the heart of their own New England, who could hardly answer the question, who made you!

Why! no one ever went to Sam Tucker's cottage. Two ladies had tried it once, but, half frightened by Sam's dark looks, they never came a second time. Joe Tucker, the eldest son, had grown up ignorant and degraded, and was now nineteen or twenty.

One day all Greendale was startled by the intelligence that a murder had been committed. Mr. Reed, one of the largest farmers, had been knocked down in his fields, by a blow from a rake handle in the hands of Joe Tucker. The young man had been hired as a day laborer during harvest. Some altercation had occurred, and in a moment of passion he had given the fatal blow. He had escaped, but the constables were out after him in every direction. Before the day was over, hand-bills had been spread through the neighboring villages and towns, and information sent to the Boston and New York police.

Joe would soon be taken—there seemed no doubt of that, yet day after day passed, and he still eluded the search. One afternoon, about a fortnight after the occurrence, Lucy Holmes was returning from a ramble in the woods, when she was terribly frightened by the sudden appearance of Joe Tucker in her path.

"Don't scream, Miss, don't scream! You needn't be afraid," said Joe, who looked ghastly and emaciated. "Only listen to me. I wouldn't harm a hair of your head. Can you give me a morsel to eat, I'm starving to death?"

"I wish I had something for you, but I haven't," faltered Lucy.

"Then I must give myself up," he groaned, "I've lived on roots and berries for the last week. And they'll hang me for getting angry. God knows I never meant to kill the man. Yes, they'll hang me, for such as I am have no friends."

"Don't, oh! don't talk so," said Lucy, the warm tears filling her eyes as she looked at the wretched outcast. "You have one friend at least. Indeed I would do anything for you that I could."

Joe looked up in surprise. It was the first word of kindness from a stranger that in the whole course of his life had ever fallen on his ear. He knew not what to make of it.

"*You a friend to me?*" he said. "You forget who I am."

"No, I do not. At this moment I would give almost all I possess to have the power to do something for you."

The accent and look were not to be mistaken. The wild, rude heart on which they fell was thoroughly subdued. Joe moved a few steps off, and leaned his face against a tree.

"Bless you! bless you, for those words," he said in a broken voice. "If I could have heard such as them before, perhaps—but that's over now. All's over now."

"No! no! I am sure you are sorry for what you have done, and—"

"And what? What is before me even if I should get out of their clutches? And I'll find it hard to do that. The officers are all over, I suppose?"

"Yes!" and Lucy shuddered and looked around.

"So Bill told me a week ago. He brought me something to eat, and they tracked him to my hiding-place. I had a desperate dodge that time. That's a week ago, and I haven't been able to let him know where I am, or get a crust of bread since."

"Will you trust me?" said Lucy.

"Aye," returned Joe Tucker, after a long look at the pale girl.

"Then come with me. You wouldn't be able to stay here longer at any rate, for I heard father say they were to have a thorough scouring of all the woods to-morrow morning."

She turned, and hastily traversing the lonesome wood-path in which they had been standing, came to some pasture land owned by her father. Springing over the stone wall, she led her companion by a short cut across the fields and through the orchards. The shadows of twilight were thick around when they reached a low, disused out-building. She opened the door.

"Here you are safe for the present," she said hurriedly. "No search will be made here. As soon as I possibly can, I will bring you food."

As she turned to go, Joe laid his hand upon her arm. "You will not betray me?" said he with gleaming eye.

"You wrong me, indeed you do. I would sooner die," said the excited girl.

Joe withdrew his grasp, and she reached her own room, she hardly knew how, and sat down to think over what she had done. This was the wild, thoughtless, petted girl! Her woman's heart, true as the needle to the pole, had sprung up at the call for kindness.

"Now, Lucy," commenced aunt Tabitha, when she appeared in the sitting room, "this is what I call scandalous. I know how late you got home. I saw you run up stairs. Where have you been?"

"Out taking a walk."

"Taking a walk, indeed! You'd have been much better employed at home doing something useful. But if anything is of use, that's enough for you—you don't like it. I suppose you'll be too tired to go to prayer meeting with me tonight. You always have some excuse."

"Yes, I can't go," said Lucy.

"Oh! what are you coming to? Do you ever think of the state you are in, Lucy?"

She did not answer, and her aunt departed for "meeting" with an expression of pious horror.

Mr. Holmes kept good country hours, and every one in his house was supposed to be in bed at ten o'clock. Lucy glided down to the buttery, and filled a basket as large as she could carry with the best there was. Then she paused, while a nervous trembling stole over her. What was she about to do? Go forth alone, at night, to put herself in the power of a murderer. How much she would have given to run away to her own room, and bury her face in her pillow, and shut out all responsibility—all necessity for action. But not so—the pallid and hunger-worn must not die, felon though he be. And he had trusted her. She took up the basket and unbolted the kitchen door, when the watch dog began to bark.

"Hush! Bruno, hush! be quiet!" she said, as the animal came toward her.

Recognizing the familiar voice, he submitted to be caressed, but would not leave her. She knew not what to do. His barking might already have awakened somebody—she started at every sound. She harshly ordered the dog away, but his low growl at this alarmed her far more. He evidently scented the meat in her basket, and kept continually jumping upon it. Almost in despair, she went around to the other side of the house, and pulling out a large piece of meat, threw it to him, and he immediately plunged his teeth into it. Then she sped away breathlessly.

The night was damp and dark. Her feet were soon wet, and her slight form chilled through, but it was another feeling that was shaking in every limb. Other fears than those of discovery, or the nameless ones of the night made her breath come short. All was dark in Joe's hiding-place, and her trembling fingers could not move fast enough in pushing back the slide of the dark lantern she carried. With the first ray of light, she caught the gleam of a pair of fierce eyes in the farthest corner. She shuddered and drew back.

"Don't be afraid, Miss," said Joe, coming forward.

Like a famished wolf he seized on the food. Not a word was spoken for many minutes, but bread and meat and pies and pickles were fast disappearing. At last Joe looked up. To Lucy the sight of the avidity with which he had eaten had been far greater reward than any thanks, but tumultuous, broken words rushed in deep sincerity to his lips, as he looked on the slight young figure before him. Lucy was half frightened at the strength and vehemence of his expressions, but he again entreated her to have no fears of him.

"You have saved my life," he said, "and can you think I'd harm you? You're not more safe in your own father's parlor than here, murderer though I am."

"Mr. Reed is dead, I suppose," said he, after a pause.

"No, he is living yet, though there is no hope of his recovery."

"I am glad he isn't dead," said Joe, drawing a long breath. "There isn't blood upon my head yet."

"How are you to get away?" asked Lucy.

"I can't tell."

There was a long silence. "I don't see any way," said Lucy, "but don't be discouraged. I'll do all I can. Something may happen. You can stay here in safety. You have food enough there for to-morrow, haven't you? I'll come again to-morrow night."

"God bless you, Miss," was the half-choked response, and that night the hunted felon slept soundly on the premises of the sheriff of the county.

"They're off to look after the wretch, Joe Tucker," said aunt Tabitha, coming into Lucy's room the next morning.

At dinner, Mr. Holmes' first words were, "We may give it up now. Joe Tucker was about here a week ago, but he's off now, I'm persuaded. He'll not run far though. They've got some of the knowing ones on the watch, and they'll ferret him out, no matter where he is. Why, Lucy, what on earth is the matter with you? What makes you flush so?"

Lucy was taking her first lesson in the art which every woman must learn—command of countenance. She stammered out some excuse and left the dining room as soon as she could. After dinner the consciousness of her secret made her fancy suspicion in her father's every look, and when night came how softly she crept down stairs!

She provided herself with a piece of meat for Bruno, and then opened the kitchen door and softly called him. Leaving him deeply engaged, she took her way to the old corn-house. Joe received her with a kind of affectionate reverence, as if she were a being of another sphere. He had made himself a den in the loft, so concealed that one might search long without finding it. Lucy had brought him some books and papers, but she found he was but an indifferent reader.

She could devise no plan of escape, and they both thought it best to wait a while.

She had spent the morning in thought, an occupation very new to her. Joe Tucker's life seemed to depend on her, and if the burden of a fellow creature's fate would weigh heavily on any one, how much more on the joyous little heart that had never known a care. She thought for a moment of trusting to her father's kind heart and warm, generous feelings. In her child-like ingenuousness she longed to do so. It seemed so terrible to have to decide anything of such importance for herself and by herself. But no! she remembered his strict sense of justice, and stern, unbending integrity.

Aunt Tabitha appeared at the breakfast table the next morning with her cap-strings flying, and her brows drawn together.

"Some one must have been in the buttery these last two nights," she commenced. "There's heaps of things gone. There's a nice leg of lamb, hardly touched at dinner, and two large pieces of pork, they're gone. And those apple pies I made the other day, two of them were gone yesterday, and now two more, and a whole pot of my best pickles, and a jar of sweetmeats, and I don't know how many loaves of bread and cake and rolls of butter. I'm thankful I know nothing about it."

Lucy played her part very well this time, and her father and aunt wondered in vain. Still the attacks on the larder did not cease, and aunt Tabitha suspected in turn each of the two "helps," and then every one of the workmen on the farm. One night Lucy had just descended to the buttery, when she turned round and saw her father just behind her.

"Why Lucy," he said, "is it you who commits the depredations?"

Lucy forced herself to speak calmly. "Why papa, could you think I ate all those cold shoulders of lamb and sirloins of beef, aunt laments so pathetically? I want some sugar to drop lavender on," and taking a few lumps, proceeded up stairs before her father. He laughed, "A pretty fool I have been to jump out of my bed at this hour for such a minx as you. I thought I had the thief. I'll not do it again, at any rate."

The weeks went on. Poor Joe Tucker learned to love the very ground on which Lucy stood. Nothing so pretty, so sweet and delicate had ever come near him before. His untamed heart was naturally warm and affectionate, and now it was stirred to its inmost depths. The passionate devotion with which he worshipped his benefactress was a strange feeling to his wild, ignorant soul. It seemed to open a new world to him. Every visit showed Lucy more and more the ardor of the poor fellow's attachment, and every visit saddened her more and more as she felt her own deficiencies. She had a consciousness, dim at first, that this was the time to sow the seed of good in that untutored heart, and hers the hand to cast it, but she knew not how to do it. She thought how fluent aunt Tabitha would be in such a case, but that was not exactly the fluency she wished for.

For seven weeks Joe Tucker remained concealed in Mr. Holmes' out-building. The excitement seemed to be lessened, and Lucy thought he might try to escape. He had just received her liberal quarterly allowance, and she gave him every cent of it. She disguised him with a complete suit of one of their working-men, and one night in October stood beside him for the last time. Poor Joe could not speak. He began several times, "Miss Lucy"—and then choked up. His sobs spoke for him.

At last Lucy wiped away her streaming tears, and took his sun-burned hand in both hers. "Joe," she said, "promise me that when you get to California, you will try, to the best of your knowledge and ability, to be a man, an honest and good man."

"I do promise," said Joe, "I swear it by God in heaven."

Lucy placed a small Bible in his hand, and in five minutes he was gone.

The next morning she saw the doctor pass in a great hurry. Mr. Reed was dying, they said. The brain fever, in which he had lain ever since the occurrence, seemed running to its close. Lucy thought of Joe and wept. The guilt of blood

was really on his hand and conscience then. But at noon other tidings came. What had been thought the agony of death was but the lowest crisis of the fever, and now the surgeon thought he might recover.

He did recover, and on her father's bosom Lucy confessed all she had done for Joe Tucker. That father sat astonished, and then his eyes filled, and he clasped his daughter to his swelling heart, wondering that in the thoughtless child should have been hidden such capabilities of feeling and action.

Aunt Tabitha might have preached to Lucy to the end of time, and produced no effect; but the impression of those midnight visits to the half ruined shed, where she had felt the want of inducements and hopes above this world, could not be effaced. It was made at a critical time in her life, just as childhood was taking its leave, and thus was she gently brought to the source of all help. She was as happy and as mirthful as ever, danced and sung just as much, went to none of her aunt Tabitha's favorite anxious meetings—even declined "sitting under" the "revival preacher," but even aunt Tabitha could not question the sincerity of her Christian character, for truly her "light so shone that men saw her good works, and glorified her Father in heaven."

News, good news came from California. Lucy received a letter from Joe. He had learned to write for the purpose of writing to her. He had obtained a situation as porter in a store, and was sober and industrious. "I keep my promise, Miss Lucy," he wrote. "I keep away from bad company, and try to learn something and be something, and it's all for your sake."

And this was Lucy's own work. At the turning point in Joe Tucker's life she had met him, and fixed the direction of his future course. How different it would have been had she shrunk from the poor outcast, and he had been given up to the law. True, Mr. Reed had lived, and he would have suffered nothing but a short imprisonment, but what would have been his prospects at his release?

Lucy heard from him every few months, there was no change in him, he continued a useful and worthy member of society. Was she not fully justified for having stopped the course of justice?

#### REPRESENTATION.

Whenever one speaks of the elective franchise for woman, the answer is apt to be, that she has no need of it, as her wishes and interests are sufficiently respected and attended to by fathers, husbands and brothers. Does anybody believe that fathers, husbands and brothers have respected the wishes and represented the interests of women in the late liquor vote of this State? Does anybody believe that a majority of the women of Pennsylvania are in favor of the whisky trade—that they desire a grog shop at every corner to rob husbands and fathers of that which should be the means of life to themselves and children?

No well informed person could entertain such a supposition for a moment, or can doubt that there would have been an overwhelming majority in favor of prohibition had women been "people" when the vote was taken.

This evidence of the representation we enjoy leads us to enquire by what right men have arrogated to themselves the entire law-making power; and to our mind nothing is plainer than the fact that brute force is their sole credential of authority in the premises.

We know of no scriptural authority men have for disfranchising their mothers, unless it is the command, "Honor thy father and mother!" and we have never heard it argued that the injunction, "Wives submit yourselves to your own husbands," means, women, obey the laws a majority of men make for you.

The only scripture command having a direct bearing upon a representative government, is that to the children of Israel, "Choose men fearing God and hating covetousness, and set them to rule over you;" and it does not appear that this any more than "Thou shalt not kill," is exclusively addressed to men. If it cannot be proved that it is, then the obligation rests upon woman to use all proper means to gain a voice in the election of

rulers, that she may be able to obey the command; and men who have forbidden her to do so, have deprived her of liberty of conscience. The land is overflowing with crime. Women are compelled to suffer from, and submit to most iniquitous laws, and are taxed to support most villainous law-makers, while legally bound hand and foot that they cannot use their natural powers to correct these evils. Men sow sin and sorrow, and misery and want, broadcast with free hands over the length and breadth of the land, by iniquitous legislation, and then piously tell women they will have enough to do if they go into the highways and byways of earth, relieve the suffering and reclaim the sinner there. This is the angelic mission of woman, but politics—that "Stygian pool"—is out of her sphere.

This is as if a set of men should go to work and dig canals across the levee of the Mississippi's banks, and should say to another set who came to stop them up: "This is very dirty work, not fit for benevolent people. It is dreadful muddy! You are well-dressed, gentlemanly looking men, and good Christians. Do you go and relieve the distress of those poor people who have lost their property or are drowning by the overflowing of the waters. Comfort the fatherless whose parents we have destroyed. Provide for the widows we have made. Relieve the poverty we have created, and we will keep on digging holes in the bank. Some of us have mills along here, and the water we let in turns the wheels, so that they drive a fine trade. We are rather sorry it runs back over the country and city, destroying plantations and drowning people. It is a bad business, and most abominably dirty. Don't you see we are bespattered with mud and frog spawn—up to the knees in water shovelling dirt? If you come to fill up the crevices you must work amongst us dirty fellows, and get as bedabbled as we are. Run away and succor the distressed. Comfort those that mourn. Fish out those who are drowning; and weep with those whose friends are drowned, and we will dig away so as to *keep you in work.*"

It is wicked and weak legislation, more than all other causes, which fills the world with want and woe, with hardened criminals and improvident poor; and when woman essays to amend legislation, she is told to go and relieve the want, turn the sorrow to joy, make saints out of the sinners, and working bees out of the drones; while her counsellors go on in the manufacture of the raw material of wretchedness that she may not get out of work.—*Journaal & Visitor.*

#### THE FAMOUS HORSE TAMER.

Among the amusing episodes of the existing state of things, is that a lady, described as being a person of strictly feminine manners—Madam Isabel—is appointed, by the special recommendation of the Emperor, to superintend the *manege* of the cavalry. This lady, it appears, in addition to a sort of intuitive knowledge of the points of a horse, has made herself so perfectly acquainted with the *moral*s of the animal, that by aid of some very simple mechanical contrivance she is able, in the course of some fifteen or twenty lessons, to bring into the most lamblike subjection horses whose restive character has bid defiance to every known military art. She has just returned from St. Petersburg, where, for the last two years she has been superintending the Czar's cavalry, an office which she left to the great regret of the Emperor of Russia, from whom she has brought away many substantial tokens of approbation.—She only resigned when war was declared. She is now being employed in the regiment of Guides, where her progress is said to be wonderful. She has the art of imparting her knowledge with such ease and facility, that she has no need to take an active part in the necessary arrangements; and her manners are so charming and unpretending that Captain Gueprette, the Captain Instructor of Cavalry, and Colonel Fleury, Colonel of the Guides, yield to and carry out her suggestions without any injury to their *amour propre*. It is impossible to describe the slight machinery employed; but the principle on which Madame Isabel finds all her system is, suavity and gentleness, no violence."

From the Cultivator.

#### OUR FAIR---LABOR MISAPPLIED.

A few days since I visited our County Fair, and was much interested in the exhibition of the skill and industry of the hardy mechanics and farmers of the so-called "benighted Ashtabula." The fair was well attended, and an increasing interest seems to be manifested in these yearly gatherings of *the people*, which argues well for the cause of improvement. Good order was observed, and nothing occurred to mar the harmony that prevailed. \* \* \* \* \*

One part of the exhibition, with which many were doubtless pleased, was fraught with painful interest to us. We allude to the display of *labor misapplied* in the creation of fancy bed quilts—which must have required months of patient, monotonous toil to complete them; and all for what? For a *bed quilt*, the real value of which was not at all enhanced by this prodigal outlay of precious time! They certainly evince a persevering industry, worthy of a better cause, and which, had it been directed in a nobler channel, might have resulted in a more enduring monument of the genius and skill of the fair laborers. The time thus wasted in cutting cloth into pieces, merely for the sake of stitching them together again, if devoted to study with equal zeal, would have enriched the mind with scientific truth for future use, thus extending the sphere of thought, and giving new interest to the daily avocations of life. If devoted to gardening, it might have spread a robe of living beauty around the pleasant retreats of home, gladdening not only the hearts of loved ones, but causing the passing stranger to pause and admire its loveliness, and bless the hand which arranged its blooming flowers, and trained its fragrant vines.—Let the fair one who would create "things of beauty" with which to adorn her home, throw aside the senseless *patch-work*, and spend her mornings in the open air, cultivate fruit, flowers and vegetables, let her listen to the melody of the whispering breeze and gladsome birds,

"And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face."

and the rose of health on her cheek shall rival the freshness of those she cultivates. If she has leisure for fancy work, and skill to execute what her busy brain conceives, let her

"Teach the canvas innocent deceit,  
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet,"

thus multiplying scenes of beauty on which the eye will love to linger with pleasure and profit.—Drawing and painting are the offspring of genius and intellect, worthy the attention of the young and fair, and though considered merely as ornamental accomplishments by many, may have a potent influence for good. Pictures convey *ideas* to the minds of infancy and childhood, even when words are unmeaning sounds; and they have stirred the hearts of the aged with deep and powerful emotions which have had a beneficial influence, and produced results as lasting as life. It was but the magical influence of a *picture*, which drew from Cowper's heart his thrilling poem, commencing

"O that those lips had language!"

which will be read as long as the language in which it is written continues to be the vehicle of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Such is the influence of spiritual and intellectual beauty, which is calculated to refine and elevate the soul, and is deserving of the attention of those who are to be the educators of a future generation. But that beauty which finds expression only in fancy patchwork, is of no practical utility, and seems unworthy of the attention of an intelligent female.

Mrs. O. R. C\*\*\*.

CHERRY VALLEY, Ashtabula Co., O., Oct. '54.

—Mr Finney, a dentist, late of Alexandria, Egypt, is reported to have found a stuffed tooth in a mummy, and several teeth in other mummy which bore marks of filing. If true this is certainly one of the most remarkable facts which modern perseverance has yet brought to light, concerning the arts of the ancients.

## THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, NOVEMBER 15, 1854

## CAN WOMEN GO TO THE POLLS IN SAFETY?

We hear it very generally remarked that the recent election in this State was one of the most quiet and orderly ever held in Ohio. Although the people took a deep interest in the result, and manifested their opinions in a clear and decided manner, yet of political excitement, as the term is commonly understood, there was very little. Voters went quietly to the ballot box and deposited their suffrages without annoyance or molestation of any kind. In this city, we have heard it frequently remarked, that the greatest order and decorum prevailed; and even those who at previous elections had been distinguished for their noisy and sometimes offensive zeal in pressing the claims of their favorite candidates, either kept away entirely from the polls or behaved with decency while there.

We need not say that we rejoice in this improved condition of things at elections. It is an encouraging sign of the times, that drunkenness, rowdyism and ruffianism should disappear from the precincts of the ballot box, and that men should be permitted to go there and discharge their duties free from excitement or molestation. Right and justice will be far more likely to triumph when this is the case, than when rum and riot bear sway.

But we have another reason for rejoicing in this improved state of things at elections. It will prepare the way for woman's appearance at the polls. When our elections come to be quietly and peacefully conducted, without noise or excitement, the last excuse which men have for barring our sex from the right of suffrage will be taken away. As a question of right, justice and equality, the better and thinking portion of the community already admit that the weight of argument is decidedly in favor of extending the right of suffrage to woman. It is plain enough to all unprejudiced minds, that it is unjust to demand from her obedience to laws which she had no part in making; that it is oppressive to compel her to pay taxes which she had no voice in levying; and unreasonable to exact from her respect for rulers whom she had no part in electing.

The silly idea that man is, or can be the representative of woman, either in making laws, levying taxes or selecting rulers, is well nigh exploded.—There remains then only the simple and ridiculous plea that woman would be unsafe at the polls—that her person would be endangered, her sense of decency outraged, and her manners corrupted.—We have had no fears on that score; for we have ever cherished too high a sense of man's nobleness of character—of his courtesy and chivalrous regard for woman, to believe that such could be the result of woman's mingling with him at the ballot box, any more than when she goes with him to a cattle show, a fourth of July celebration, or to the lecture room—places where men are always anxious to secure the company of ladies.

We have held, too, that woman's presence at the ballot box would lead to good behavior on the part of men—that instead of becoming herself degraded, her influence would be refining and elevating. We are glad to see, however, that men are beginning to deport themselves so well at the polls that this argument is becoming unnecessary; and we verily believe that even now, women may

go there without fear of insult or injury. Who will pretend that at the recent election in this city, it would have been unsafe for women to have gone to the polls and voted along with their fathers, brothers, and husbands? What man would have dared to lay a straw in their way; or uttered indecent words in their presence? And had there been one who would have ventured to do so, are there not hundreds of true hearts and stout arms which would have promptly rebuked such interference, and caused the offender to slink away from the gaze of decent people?

In truth then, this pretence that woman would be unsafe at the ballot box is already dispelled by the increasing good conduct of men themselves while there. She could go there with them as safely as she accompanies them elsewhere, and when there no one would dare or desire to meddle with the exercise of her undoubted right to the elective franchise.

We have said nothing of the beneficent influence which woman's presence at the polls would exert upon the results of our election. And we think it unnecessary. Every intelligent person will admit that her high sense of morality and religion would always secure her support to the cause of justice and right. She would never be found sustaining Fugitive Slave laws, or Nebraska bills; and had she been permitted to vote at the recent elections in Pennsylvania and New York, the banners of Temperance and Liquor Prohibition would not have been shamefully trailed in the dust. The New York *Organ* had good cause for wishing that women might vote at the late election in that State, as the result shows; but her vote is just as important, and she has just as good a right to cast it at every election as at the one just closed—and this even conservatism will ere long be compelled to admit.

**SALE OF A WHITE WOMAN IN PENNSYLVANIA.**—A sale of a free white woman was recently made at Freemansburgh, Lehigh county. The parties have been residents of that place for some time, are natives of Germany, and the transaction consisted in a man disposing of his wife to another man for the sum of one dollar. Writings are said to have been signed by the trio—the wife, the new husband, and the old husband.—*Ex.*

We knew an instance where a wife was sold by her husband for a pair of new boots, and the wife went to live with the purchaser. The boots were valued at five dollars. That appeared to us cheap enough, but here we have one who only brought the sum of one dollar. Compared with Southern prices this is indeed remarkably low. We wonder the trading husband did not take his wife south of Mason and Dixon's line and put her upon the auction block. There he could have secured enough from the sale to have kept him in tobacco and whisky for a long time; but one dollar will not hold out long, and then he will want another woman to sell. It will doubtless be gratifying to southern slaveholders to learn that the slave trade has been opened among white people at the north; and if there are more such sales to go off, we may expect to hear of some of the southern gentry bidding off our white women at much lower prices than they can be obtained for in the southern market.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

M. S. BEATTY, we know of no such book as you speak of. Communications from you will be acceptable. Thanks for your kind invitation. Will accept if we can make it convenient.

**THE RESULT IN NEW YORK.**

We have not the full returns from this State, but enough is known to show that Seymour is probably elected. This result was brought about through the action of the Know Nothings, who nominated and voted for Mr. Ullman, in opposition to Mr. Clark, the Temperance candidate for Governor. Thousands of professed Temperance men were thus induced to throw away their votes upon this third candidate, although they must have known that the result would be to defeat the Maine Law. How they can reconcile such a course to their consciences is more than we can understand. They have by this strange and unaccountable action re-elected the chosen candidate of the Rum Party, and thus done more injury to the cause of Prohibition than a life of labor can do good.

It grieves us to record such shameful dereliction of duty on the part of the professed advocates of Temperance. It makes our heart sick to reflect, that at the moment when the success of the Maine Law seemed no longer doubtful in the Empire State, that this new organization should spring up to paralyze the labors, and defeat the objects which have been so long sought for and so nearly attained.

Who can believe that woman has been represented in this election? How have her interests been looked after, or her opinions and wishes respected and regarded? How clearly has the action of voters in this case given the lie to their oft-repeated assertion, that they are the representatives of women! Well, we are not sure but this result is all for the best. It may be that only this was needed to awaken woman to a true sense of her inferior and dependent position, and lead her to demand, in tones not to be mistaken, that she shall be recognized as a part of the people and allowed the right of representing herself at the ballot box. This is now the first great work for woman. She may rest assured that all her hopes of being faithfully represented by men, will ever, as in this instance, be blasted. Let her strive for political power, and when that is gained her wishes will be heeded.

**Rights of Property.**

The Police of Troy, N. Y., made a descent a few days since upon the bake shops of that city, and confiscated 110 loaves of bread for being short of weight.—*Exchange.*

If the Police of Troy had made a descent upon the grogshops and confiscated 110 bottles of rum, the constitution would have been violated. But since nothing but harmless bread was taken, it was all right. Bake shops may be searched, and bread lacking a few ounces in weight may be seized by the authorities; but liquor shops must not be searched, nor the poisons which are filling the country with wretchedness and crime be seized, else the sacred rights of property will be invaded. Such is law.

Many of our subscribers suffer their subscriptions to expire and their names to be stricken off, and then after two or three months send money to renew, and a request for back numbers. We cannot often furnish the numbers complete after so long a time; and we would suggest to those who want them, that it would be better to make a minute of the date of the number they commence with, and then send on the renewal before the expiration of the subscription. In this way they will secure all the numbers.

**REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.**

A report got abroad a few weeks since that Rev. Antoinette L. Brown was married, and editors made themselves very merry over the occurrence, and indulged in many witty sayings and many grave prophecies in regard to her domestic affairs in the future. They seemed to think as a matter of course that she would take the place usually usurped by man, as the head of the family while her husband would occupy the place usually assigned to woman, as the dependent and obedient subject. The poor husband was looked upon and commiserated as a miserable victim of wrong, while the wife was held up as a sort of tyrant who would hold tight reins over those placed in subjection to her.

All this seemed a little strange to us. If we may believe the sayings of these same editors on other occasions, they regard the position of woman, as a wife, as a very enviable one—one in which she should be contented and happy; and if a woman chance to express any dissatisfaction on account of her inferior and subordinate position—if she complain of the wrong done her by the laws and customs which do not recognize her individuality, and which deprive her of all right to her own property, her own children, and her own person, we see these sympathizing editors stand amazed, and hear them cry out in holy horror against her. All the wit and ridicule and censure which they are capable of expressing are unfeelingly bestowed upon her who has dared to complain, or to plead the wrongs of her sex.

How is it then, when they find one of their own sex placed in the same happy, inferior, dependent position which they think so desirable for woman, that they are so ready to commiserate his condition, and to spread his wrongs before a sympathizing public? He has only changed places with the wife. Surely, according to their own view of the matter, as frequently expressed, they should rather rejoice when opportunity offers for men to secure so desirable a position. Subjection and dependence are so beautiful, in their estimation, we cannot understand why they are so unwilling to become the subjects and dependents themselves, and thus enjoy the favors vouchsafed to woman. Man being the stronger vessel, he should be capable of bearing up under as great a weight of happiness and comfort as is enjoyed by the "weaker vessel;" and we cannot imagine what cause he can have for complaint, if placed in the easy, pleasant position which falls to woman's lot.

But the sympathy, the censure, the ridicule and low wit which has been so unsparingly indulged in in the case of Miss Brown, has all been thrown away—for the Rev. Antoinette is not married. The story which has been heralded all over the country is without foundation, and Miss Brown is Miss Brown still; and while editors are discussing, prophecying and ridiculing, she is pursuing the even tenor of her way, preaching the gospel to the flock under her charge, and lecturing in behalf of the wronged and oppressed.

We have spent much time in Miss Brown's society, but never, either in her private conversation, or in her public speaking, have we heard her utter a word against marriage, or the sanctity of the marriage relation. There is no reason why she should not marry, as well as other women, should she choose to do so; and in case she should, we see no cause for such criticisms as the press have been pleased to bestow upon her. They are unkind, ungentlemanly and unjust.

As an advocate of equal rights, while she would not suffer herself to be put in subjection to a husband, she would scorn the thought of her husband being in subjection to her. Ruling and subjection are terms unknown to any true advocate of Woman's Rights. Marriage is to them a life-partnership, where the rights of each are equally respected, the interests of each equally regarded, and the feelings of each equally consulted. Neither has a right to usurp authority over the other, but to live together as mutual partners, companions and friends. Those who suppose that Miss Brown, or any other advocate of human rights, has taught a doctrine different from this, have wrongly interpreted their sentiments as publicly expressed.

**MEN MILLINERS.**

The following extract we take from a private letter written by a lady who is engaged in the business of fashionable millinery. She is a widow, with several children to support and educate, and no means save the fruits of her own industry.

"Millinery everywhere is poor, and becoming poorer every year in consequence of every merchant being, as far as possible, a milliner too. The time has been when women could make money in the business; but men were jealous of them and took it from them, and it is now a hard struggle for a woman to live by it anywhere.

I wish I had your ability to lay open all the ills to the public that come out of that one wrong the merchant does in the sale of millinery. Can you not exert your gift and talent in behalf of this unfortunate class, called milliners—which generally happen to be widows, old maids, or, what is worse than all, women who have miserable husbands to support?"

Men have of late years sadly encroached upon what they are pleased to call "woman's sphere," and by themselves turning milliners, and by introducing sewing machines, they have taken employment from great numbers of women who are dependent upon the needle for bread for themselves and families. We do not deny the right of men to engage in the millinery business, or to do the sewing of the country—had rather they would do that work than for women to do as much of it as they have done; but we deny their right to exclude woman from entering upon any other branch of business she may choose. If they invade her sphere and take away her employments, let her not hesitate to take the same liberties with theirs. Instead of disputing man's right to the so-called "feminine employments," let her leave him in quiet possession of his chosen occupation, while she betakes herself to what are considered more masculine, but at the same time more lucrative and honorable pursuits. If men choose to change spheres with her, let them do so—women will be the gainers by the change. Every woman who is driven from the needle will be compelled to choose some other occupation; and very soon it will not be an easy thing to draw the lines between woman's sphere and man's sphere. Woman will then learn that her sphere is boundless—that it is as broad as the world and as high as heaven—that wherever duty or interest calls, there she may freely go—that whatever business promises the best return for her labor, in that she may with perfect propriety engage.

We fancy showing up the ills to which women are subject in consequence of the merchants taking away their business, would not lessen the ills. If men find they can make money by selling bonnets and ribbons, they will sell them. They will not be intimidated by any fears of overstepping

the bounds of their sphere by so doing. They know nothing about a sphere when that term is applied to themselves. They coolly mark out one for woman, then claim the right of entering it whenever it may suit their purpose; and they would only laugh at any one who should dispute their right to go where they please. No, no, we have no idea of attempting to limit the sphere of men, or of saying what employments they shall engage in. If they want to be milliners, we have no objection—rather see them thus employed than to engage in that business ourself. We prefer using the little talent we may have in persuading woman to manifest a spirit of independence, and to assist men in throwing down the lines that have been drawn between the spheres, so that she may go forth at pleasure and wander where she will. If men take away our business, let us take away theirs. If they invade our rights, let us have spirit to defend them.

We recognize no sphere for man—no sphere for woman, so far as labor is concerned—whether mental or physical. Capacity and muscular power is the only test of fitness for any business. Let woman realize this truth, and act upon it, and then we shall not hear her complain about the wrong men do her by competition in business. As soon should one merchant or one mechanic complain of another of the same business or trade because of the wrong done them, as for men and women to complain of each other for the same reasons.

The field of industry and enterprise belongs alike to all, and all have an equal right to enter in and labor in such departments as their capacity and inclinations may decide upon. We acknowledge the right of man to go where he will, and to engage in whatever business pleases him best. All we ask is, that he will acknowledge as broad a right for us—that he will not hinder us by throwing obstructions in our life-path.

W.M. WINDOM, Esq., of this city was elected G. W. P. of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance, of Ohio, at the recent annual session of that body, held in Cleveland. The office could not have fallen upon one more worthy to receive it; and we predict that the welfare of the Order will be faithfully watched over, and zealously advanced under his administration.

A resolution was passed at the meeting of the Grand Division, desiring the State Central Committee to call a State Temperance Convention, at Columbus early in January; the design being to prepare for the Campaign.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS EXPIRED.**—Our large subscription list for Branchport, N. Y., expires with the present number. Will some of the friends there see to its renewal?

A part of the list for Brockett's Bridge, is also stricken from our book with this number.

A number of *single* subscriptions in various places will expire with the present number.—Hope to welcome them all back soon.

We are in the receipt of the *Bugle*, published at Council Bluff, Iowa, and also of the *Arrow*, published at Omaha, Nebraska—both good papers, containing much interesting matter and valuable information in relation to the country where they are located. Those who feel interested in knowing something of the "Far West," will do well to subscribe for one or both of these papers.





We have hesitated a little about making public the complaints of "The Old Bachelor," but have concluded that we have no right to refuse him a hearing. His charge against the young ladies on the score of morals is rather severe, but we fear there is some truth in it. If the ladies have anything to say to "The Old Bachelor" in self-defence, our columns are open to them.—[ED.]

#### Complaints of an Old Bachelor.

FORT WAYNE, Sept. 25, 1854.

**FRIEND BLOOMER:**—I was highly pleased when your paper was handed to me, by a lady, and perused it with no little interest. Glad I am that you have taken such an interest in Females; too long have they been slaves to the opinion of the opposite sex. Along our streets can be daily seen what I would term *Butterfly Ladies*; one-half of their heads and bosoms bared to the gaze of man. Why is it that females will so expose themselves? Is it not to please that portion of creation, that are so called "Lords?" But what true man can sanction such a costume; to allow his sister or the wife of his bosom, to expose herself to the gaze of low men? Is it to be wondered that there are so many immoral men now-a-days? In the good days of old, when there were better men than now, our mothers did not go half-naked. Nor did they wear long dresses—or in other words foot-traps! Ah, no, in those days the woman loved to walk active, and use their hands for a better purpose than holding up long dresses. But alas how changed!

Oh! how rueful to behold so many young girls sweeping the side walk with their costly dresses. O, for a reformation! I would that all girls had sense enough to wear short dresses—or in other words, clip their dresses half a yard; wear hats, instead of half covering their heads with bonnets—in a few words, wear the *Bloomer costume*. If so, I'll venture to say, there would not be one-half the old Bachelors in the world.

May your paper prosper; its sentiments be pure as the white *Lily* is unspotted.

Yours in bonds of reformation,

THE OLD BACHELOR.

#### THE STATE FAIR.

Other engagements prevented our attending the late Fair in this State, but we hear it highly spoken of by those who did, and by the press generally. Mr. Moore, editor of the *Rural New Yorker*, a first class agricultural paper, says of the exhibition:

"The Ohio State Fair, held at Newark last week, was one of the finest agricultural exhibitions we ever attended—in some essentials altogether superior to any we have previously witnessed.—The people were there in their strength. The number in attendance was variously estimated at from fifty to seventy thousand. The weather was fine, and the arrangements creditable to the Managing Board, and all interested. The show of improved stock was very fine. In this feature, Ohio cannot be, (or has not been to our knowledge) excelled by any other State in the Union. We had expected much, but the show largely exceeded our expectations."

**LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS.**—We are indebted to the publishers, DeWitt & Davenport, of New York, for a copy of a neatly bound volume, with the above title from the pen of Mrs. Moodie. It is a pleasant description of life and scenes in the settled and more cultivated portions of Canada, and like most of the productions of its gifted author, will be found interesting and instructive. It is for sale by Mr. WHITE of this city.

The WESTERN HOME VISITOR, heretofore published in this city, will in future be issued at Columbus. Mr. Higgins will continue to be its publisher, and we understand that the editorial department will be filled by the Rev. Mr. Gaylord, of Columbus. We presume the VISITOR will lose nothing in interest or value by this change.

For the Lily.

#### THE TRUE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

A woman's duties may center around her home. Her natural rights as a citizen of God's free universe, do not fix her there. One who is bountifully supplied with all the comforts of life, may well remain in the home circle, to be on earth the angel daughter, sister, wife or mother, if she feel that her duties are there. But in the long, passing year of change, when the parent of fortune is the grand-parent of poverty, even this woman so pleasantly situated may suffer the loss of friends, and find clustering around her for solace and comfort, the children of her life-partner, dependent entirely upon her for maintenance. Then comes the struggle. The poor mother, desirous to keep them with her, feels that her first duty, aside from her allegiance to the great Father, is to care for them. She takes counsel of her own mind as to what is needful. They must have shelter, food, clothing and training. They may be comfortable with these; but without them, will wander under the broad shelter of the cloudy skies as outcasts—subject to mercy from whoever takes them in—influenced by whatever examples may surround them.

She might give them away, perhaps; a good place would be an unusual chance; more likely, however, to be situated as drudges for some unfeeling, because unthinking, care-taker. No! no! not that. She will keep them with her.

But what can she do? She must do everything. The principal avenues to independence, as woman's pathway, are service, boarding, teaching and the needle. Service, away from her children, she cannot turn to, since at that she could gain by laboring from dawning morn until the late night hour, as a week's wages, no more than men receive daily for ten hour's work, and barely support their families at that. Out of this is to come rent, fuel, bread and covering for her little ones. Impossible!

Again, with the necessary outfit and opportunity, she might keep a boarding-house. Yet she has them not; while bills constantly making must be constantly paid.

She is but an ordinary woman, with only her share of good sense, education and manners, else she might turn *author*. For that she must gain a *reputation*, which in this age of new books is at best difficult. If expenses would wait to be satisfied with the pay she gets, 'twould be pleasant to make the brain supply physical wants. But it won't do.

Again, for *teaching* the remuneration is but a third or a quarter of the sum a male teacher would receive; barely enough to support a single woman.

The only way then to labor for her children, and keep them with her, is by the use of the needle. She is a proficient in cross-stitch, hem-stitch, &c., not a tailor—*if* she were, she might get half the compensation a journeyman tailor receives for the same work. Her lack of strength in pressing would be more than balanced by stitches that do not grin. At that low price she cannot obtain steady work, because so many others need it equally with herself.

"Tis said that in many large cities, sewing women make shirts at three shillings a dozen, and other garments at the same cheap rate. Although they almost starve at this starving work, they are always liable to quite starve for want of it to do. Underselling among merchants, since they at least must make profits, also reduces compensation for making up. "Tis said that crowds of these destitute women are driven to that their virtuous souls abhor, to pay relentless landlords for six feet square of shabbiest room, and buy a penny loaf daily. Men say they would rather see sisters, mothers, wives and daughters buried, than out of their sphere. Aye, they did not mean this—buried in the ignominy of their own characters, because they gained not from honest, unceasing toil the pittance that would keep the soul in its skeleton body. They think to keep their own friends in pleasant homes.

Men! those ye love may be left without your protecting care! *may* be left to *this*, and because you keep them out of their sphere. Recompense them as you will be rewarded. Better reward

them for virtuous toil than for that inglorious ease which keeps souls from the kingdom of heaven. For those who must labor to live, open your medical establishments, printing offices, clerkships, manufactories. Let woman's nimble fingers and active energy be employed according to her capacity. Let her do what she can, pay her as she earns, and the blessing of the fatherless and destitute be upon you.

CLINTON, May. '54.

#### For The Lily.

##### "Why stand ye all the day idle?"

Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, are not the calls of the present day sufficient to arouse you to action? Why stand ye idle when the sphere for labor extends from pole to pole, and eternal Justice supremely demands a union of action from the friends of reform, of every grade, sect and character?

Fathers, ye who have families around you knit together by the most sacred and holy ties—those who are looking to you as the head—as the shepherd of a little flock who know your voice, and do your bidding, how can you fold your arms and repose in the shade of slothfulness, whilst there is such a weight of responsibility resting upon your shoulders?

"Arouse! arouse! ye drowsy sleepers!" call into action those dormant feelings, and sow the seed of virtue and true morality in the hearts of those who, for a little season, are committed to your trust; and to whom the Author of our being will, as he has given you ability, hold you responsible.

Mothers, ye who are the guardian angels of our earlier years, is there not an unbounded field of action before you? It is with you to instill the principles of genuine religion, and fashion the immortal soul for a never-ending eternity. Taking these things into consideration, you must know that yours is a responsible station; and if this responsibility, from no lack of training or education, be neglected, the blood is upon your own heads. Oh how few are fully aroused on the subjects that should claim their attention as true women!—women fervently and deeply imbued with the principles of right; and bearing with fortitude the armor of Christianity.

And ye noble brothers—if ye are noble; I doubt not you have those relying upon you for advice and counsel who share no higher joys, nor bask in a brighter sun than that of a confiding brother. Oh! will you be the first to descend from the path of rectitude, and lead them in unforbidden paths? May God forbid.

And ye good and generous sisters; ye may have those committed to your trust who have never known or shared the pure, deep, disinterested love that glows within the bosom of her who was ever ready to answer the endearing epithet of mother. Or, if exempt from the charge, and kind fortune has yet spared you those aged parents; perhaps you are surrounded by a band of smiling brothers and sisters who are looking to you as a beacon light by which to guide their wayward bark through the changing scenes of time. Yes, and ye may even have elder brothers who have watched over you as some fair flower, unfolding leaf by leaf its tender germs to the effulgent rays of a meridian sun, until the intellect has become expanded and you stand before them clothed with all the dignity of womanhood. They gaze on you as in the days of primeval innocence, and in pride and admiration almost forget that you are prone to err. Oh! Sisters, would that you with me, and I with you, may feel the responsibilities of such and similar circumstances. I therefore pray you to avail yourselves of every opportunity to promote the welfare of mankind; and particularly those who are connected by the indissoluble ties of sacred relationship.

ARMETTA.

**HABITS.**—Inculcate good habits in your children, and good principles which are but names for good habits will follow of themselves. Training, and not teaching, is the word for children. You are to train them in habits which no future lessons can unteach.—Egeria.



Written for The Lily.  
**WOMAN'S SPHERE.**

**NO. II.**

Having in a previous number briefly considered the moral nature of woman as contrasted with that of man, and shown that she is not out of her sphere when she undertakes to proclaim from the pulpit the glad tidings of salvation, we come in the next place to contrast their mental capabilities and powers, and thereby show that the whole field of intellectual labor is open to her, and that she is not out of her sphere in laboring therein.

The first position that we shall take upon this subject is, that the same intellectual faculties which exist in the male are also developed in the female. To deny this position would be no less than to assert that there is a difference between the mental organization of the two sexes. By calling to our aid the sister sciences Phrenology and Physiology, this doctrine of difference is easily confuted. They both clearly show that the mental organization of the two sexes is alike; and had we the time and space, we would enter into a discussion of this subject. As it is not necessary however to a proper elucidation of our subject, we shall omit such a discussion at present. All will admit that the same faculties are developed in both sexes; yet some contend that they are more fully developed in the male than in the female. Admitting this to be true, what have those who contend for the doctrine gained by such an admission? Have they proven by it that this inferiority can be traced to natural causes? By no means. Such a result can only be traced to education, (I should have said non-education.) We have been taught, and we believe it to be true, that the works of nature are all perfect. If you

Scan the vast works of Nature 'round  
No imperfection can there be found.

As Nature has given unto women the same intellectual organs as man, so are they also equally perfect. It follows then, as a necessary consequence, that if the same amount of cultivation be expended upon each, their development will be equal. The cultivation of the mental faculties improves them; therefore, that sex upon whom the greatest amount of cultivation is expended, will be considered as superior in intellectual attainment or capacity; and hence exists the erroneous impression within the minds of many who are not able to, or at least do not, distinguish between natural and acquired powers, and therefore conclude that the female sex are inferior in point of mental capacity.

Having thus briefly shown, that the female sex are not inferior to the male in their mental organization, we shall in our next endeavor to show that they would not be out of their sphere in exercising those powers which have been given unto them by an All-wise Creator for some purpose other than to lie dormant and inactive; as in a majority of cases they have been, and still are, suffered to do.

BELL VILLE.

From the Alliance Ledger  
**I. O. OF G. T.**

**MESSRS. EDITORS:**—Through the columns of your paper I wish to announce to the public the names and location of the following Lodges of the Independent Order of Good Templars, lately instituted in this State by D. G. W. C. T. S. J. Conklin, of New York:

AmmiNadab, located in Alliance, Stark Co.  
Light at Last, " Limaville, " "  
Crescent, " Randolph, Portage "  
Myrtle Branch, " Rootstown, " "  
Olive Branch, " Edinburg, " "  
Young America, " Palmyra, " "  
Unity, " Windham, " "  
Fair Hope, " Charlestown, " "  
Crystal Fount, " Salem, Col. "  
Good Intent, " Newton Falls, Trum. "  
Making in all some thirty Lodges that are now thoroughly organized, and doing efficient work in the cause of Temperance and moral improvement. A Grand Lodge of the State of Ohio is to be instituted in November next. This news will be

gratifying to many who were waiting anxiously for the time when this beautiful Order should be permanently established in this State. That time has arrived, and henceforth its progress will be without a parallel. One year from this time, the Lodges in this State will be numbered by hundreds. To those who are unacquainted with this organization, its rapid progress may seem astonishing. The first institution of the kind was organized in the State of New York, on the 17th of August, A. D. 1852. At this time that State and Pennsylvania number their Lodges by hundreds, and are now advancing with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of such organizations. Already Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and various States and the Canadas have taken up our watchword and are marching forward to victory. Women, for the first time in our history as a people, have, by the rules of this institution, been allowed to step outside the walls of this Republican Harem and stand on the platform of reformation, side by side, on a perfect equality with the sterner sex. And in this she has more than met the expectations of her most sanguine advocates. The friends of temperance will find in this organization all the beauties of other organizations, unencumbered by many of their difficulties. This will be admitted by all who are versed in these matters, upon a moment's consideration of the following statement of a few of its leading features. Aside from its being a temperance organization, it admits ladies to all its sessions, and upon perfect equality. It has no cash benefit system attached to it—it courts no man's avarice. Many have been drawn into such institutions by no higher motive than their probable chance of gain in a pecuniary point of view; hence, societies composed of such persons have dwindled away and died for want of pure motive and high resolve, two indispensable requisites to the health and prosperity of every reformatory association. Not that I would have any one to suppose that ours is not a charitable institution; by no means; on the contrary, we hold that it is, and in the highest and only legitimate sense of the word. Is a member sick? you will find us by his bedside—if they are in need, we help them to the extent their necessities demand: we do not wait for a session of the Order to draw funds from the treasury, for we have no joint treasury for such purposes. Every member's purse is a treasury for a worthy member who is in need. By this arrangement it will be seen that we can effectually erase an exorbitant price for initiation, that is frequently demanded for membership in other societies, and which is necessary to meet their disbursements in the manner in which they are conducted. Again, while our fraternity discards certain features that are injurious, it introduces new features that are worthy the attention of every progressive philanthropist. One of which I will speak, is its decided literary character, while other associations have been confined strictly to the subject of temperance during their sessions, whether public or private, this society in its private sessions devotes at least a fair portion of its time to the investigation of moral and scientific questions of the day, and all other matters that may be conducive to the improvement of its members. Hence it will be seen that the field opened before us is, and must be as permanent as our existence; and further, the dull monotony which often pervades other places of which I might speak, can never be the *bane* of this association. That the advantages of this association are destined to be world-wide, is certain, and its advantages will be better appreciated when they are understood. A member can make himself known to another, no matter in what circumstances in the wide world they may chance to meet, and that too without any possibility of detection by the uninitiated. This is a feature that has long been needed by temperance organizations. In short, this organization meets the present wants of the temperance world, and every lover of fraternal associations. For the introduction of this Order among us, and through this region generally, we are indebted almost entirely to the efficient labors of Bro. S. J. Conklin, of Steuben County New York, who is an active, energetic temperance man. For a young man, he has had more

than an ordinary cause for his inveterate hatred to the rum traffic, and the rumsellers may rest assured their business will receive its just deserts at his hands; nor will they be likely to profit much by the encounter. Friends of temperance everywhere may rest assured that Bro. C. is just such a temperance man as they would wish to extend a brother's hand and a brother's welcome. He intends returning to New York in a few days to assist in rolling on the tide of indignation that next November is to sweep the notorious Governor Seymour of that State from political existence; after which he has promised to visit our State again and labor for the cause during the winter. God speed him in the right.

H. HOOVER.

ALLIANCE, Oct., 1854.

[The following additional Lodges have been recently instituted by Bro. S. J. Conklin:  
Amaranth Wreath, Mt. Union, Stark County.  
Adelphian, " Ravenna, Portage "  
Lily, " Wt. Middlebury, Logan "  
Water Lily, " East Liberty, " "  
Anchor, " Zanesfield, "

We notice that the Lodge at Salem has taken the name "Crystal Fount." There was a Crystal Fount Lodge previously instituted at Chesterville in this State, which will make it necessary that the Salem Lodge drop that name and make choice of another. [ED.]

**ROSA BONHEUR.**

Undoubtedly one of the first artists in Paris at this moment is Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. Her special talent is for painting animals. Her study of this branch of art has been faithful and successful, and her large picture of the Horse Market of Paris, at the Exposition of Modern Pictures last year was, in the estimation of excellent judges, the best picture exhibited. Her treatment of these subjects shows knowledge and force. Her handling is broad and powerful, and those who have seen her at work say they do not know how that little hand can manage such large brushes, and drive such a body of color as she uses. For this picture of the Horse Market she was adjudged worthy of the decoration of the Legion of Honor, having previously received all preliminary prizes, but French etiquette decides a woman to be incapable of receiving the decoration, and wearing the red ribbon, and in place of this reward substitutes an exemption for the works of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, from the criticism of the Jury of Admission, and she can now send her works to the Exposition without waiting to have them pronounced worthy.

The history of this young girl, as I have heard it, interests me deeply. It appears that she was left an orphan, and the oldest of a large family of brothers and sisters, all quite destitute of resources. She assumed the responsibility of providing for this family, served as a teacher of drawing in various schools, and as fast as her brothers and sisters showed themselves capable, placed them in employments. Her talent for drawing animals was remarkable from the first, and she constantly cultivated by careful study, and soon made herself an accomplished painter in oils. To make her necessary studies in the country, she adopted the dress of a young man, and with her knapsack and cigar she walked through the provinces unmolested as a poor artist; and in the same dress she made her studies for the picture of the Horse Market, going there every day as a boy painter, and working from nature, unsuspected of being a girl.

At her studio in Paris she has a yard where she keeps horses, cows, donkeys, sheep, goats, &c.—Her pictures are full of individuality, and the comparison which was unavoidable between her picture at the Exposition at the Menus Plaisirs and those of Landseer just seen at the London Exhibition of the Royal Academy, called Night and Morning or the Fighting and the Dying Deer, was not unfavorable to the work of Rosa Bonheur. Landseer's are more poetic, but I am not sure that the poetry is not forced rather than suggested.—Rosa Bonheur's pretends to nothing more than the most uncompromising realism, and the thoroughness of her work, as well as its breadth and freedom, is extremely satisfactory.—*The Una.*

## For The Lily.

## TO THE EARLY LOVED AND LOST.

Long days and nights of anxious, sleepless care  
I watched around thy couch, with trembling heart  
And fading cheek; still hoping against hope.  
When thy chest heaved with deep convulsive pain,  
And the bright hectic gathered on thy cheek,  
When round thee sympathizing friends drew near,  
And spoke their words of anguish for our loss,  
And thy near dawning spirit happiness,  
Then grief and joy seemed blended in my heart.  
The dearest loved, and most adored on earth,  
Was from me to be severed; never more  
My eyes to gaze upon that cherished form,  
And loving, bright'ning, intellectual eye;  
And Oh! my heart now lone and desolate,  
Will never more be quickened by that step,  
Or dimming eye be brightened by that voice.  
Oh! how can mortal pencil e'er portray  
The desolateness of an anguished heart,  
When sudden deprivation closes all  
Our joys, and rends the chords of every hope,  
And throws a gloom o'er all our future path?  
Long days, and months and years, and lonely too,  
Before the confines which enthrall my soul  
Shall sundered be, and give a power to roam  
Where spirits pure do dwell; and Faith sayeth low  
That "who in union sweet on earth are joined,  
In Heaven shall not be twain."

ALVARETTA.

## THE SLIGHTED SCHOLAR.

Cases like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected by the teacher of the village school, neglected simply because he was poor and comparatively friendless!

Many years ago, when I was a small boy, I attended a school in the town of—

Among the scholars was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were the best he had; he was rough and uncouth in his manners, for he had been brought up in that manner; he was very ignorant, for he had never had an opportunity for education.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school room—it was a back, corner seat, away from the other scholars—and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance, was beclouded by the "outer covering" of the boy. He seldom played with the other children, for they seemed to shun him; but when he did, for a while, join with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shoved off out of the way.

The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys, in better garbs, were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an "idle blockhead," because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was most of the time idle, and idleness begat a disposition to while away the time in mischief. For this he was whipped, and the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher, and simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on his dark, thankless way.

Thus matters went on for several years. Most of the scholars who were of George Henry's age had passed on to the higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still spelled out words of one and two syllables, and still kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk lower in the pit of intemperance, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever.

The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance, was now giving way to a shade of unhappy thought and feelings, and it was evident that the great turning point of his life was at hand. He stood now upon the step in life

from which the fate of after years must take its cast.

At this time a man by the name of Kelly took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, a careful observer of human nature, and a really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff, authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unswerving.

The first day he passed in the teacher's desk of our school was mostly devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eye rested with a keen, searching glance, but evidently made little of him during the first day; but on the second day he did more.

It was during the afternoon of the second day, that Mr. Kelly observed young Henry engaged in impaling flies upon the point of a large pin. He went to the boy's seat, and, after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the dirty, tattered primer from his desk.

"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher.

"No sir," drawled George.

"How long have you attended school?"

"I don't know, sir. It's ever since I can remember."

"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher, with much severity. "Do you realize how many years you have thrown away? Do you know how much you have lost? What sort of man do you think of making, in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then, while your companions are seeking some honorable employment, you will be good for nothing. Have you parents?"

"Yes sir," answerad the boy, in a hoarse subdued voice.

"And do they wish you to grow up to be an ignorant, worthless man?"

The boy hung down his head and was silent; but Mr. Kelly saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant the teacher saw that he had something besides an idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand on the boy's head, and in a kind tone he said,

"I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Do not be afraid, for I wish to assist you if I can."

George looked wonderingly into the master's face, for there was something in the tone of the voice which fell upon his ear that sounded strangely to him, and he thought, too, as he looked around, that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in upon his mind that, from some cause, he was going to be happier than before.

After the school was dismissed, George Henry remained in his seat till the teacher called him to the desk.

"Now," said Mr. Kelly, "I wish to know why it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright, and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you so ignorant?"

"Because nobody never helps me," replied the boy. "Nobody never cares for me, sir, because I am poor."

By degrees the kind-hearted teacher got the poor boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said,

"You have been wrongly treated, George—very wrongly; but there is yet time for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?"

"Yes—O yes," uttered the boy in earnest tones. "Yes—I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy," he thrillingly added, while his countenance glowed with unwonted animation.

Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the school-room, his face was wet with tears. We scholars, who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, and our hearts were warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and walked with him to his house, and his heart was too full for utterance.

On the next day, George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped

him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radiant and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy.

As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example, and the result was, that they found in the unfortunate youth one of the most noble-hearted, generous, accommodating and truthful playmates in the world.

Long years have passed since those school-boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than is he. And all is the result of one teacher's having done his duty.

You who are school-teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you. In this country of free schools, there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your care and counsel, and the more weak the child, the more earnest should be your endeavor to lift him up and aid him.

## Removal of Edward G. Loring.

The following petition has been circulated to some extent among the women of Massachusetts:

*To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:*

"The undersigned, women of Massachusetts, respectfully pray your honorable bodies to take proper steps for the removal of EDWARD GREELEY LORING from his office of Judge of Probate, in and for the county of Suffolk. They ask this action on the ground of his infamous decision of the 2d of June last, under the Fugitive Slave Act—a decision which points him out as wholly unfit for the duties of an office which, taking cognizance of the rights of widows and orphans, requires that its incumbent should be alike just and merciful."

**HOUSE ANTS.**—The best way to get rid of ants is to set a quantity of cracked walnuts or shell-barks on plates, and put them in the closet and places where the ants congregate. They are very fond of these, and will collect on them in myriads. When they have collected on them, make a general *anto-de-fe*, by turning nuts and ants together into the fire, and then replenish the plates with fresh nuts. After they have become thinned off so as to cease collecting on the plates, powder some gum camphor, and put it in the holes and crevices, wherupon the remainder of them will speedily *vamose*. It may help the process of getting them to assemble on the shell-barks to remove all edibles out of their way for the time.

—Those who feel most deeply, are most given to disguise their feeling, and derision is never so agonizing as when it pounces on the wanderings of misguided sensibility.

**MRS. MARY HOPPERTON,**  
**NEW YORK MILLINERY STORE,**  
**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,**  
**Springfield Ohio.**

A large and beautiful assortment of Ladies' Bonnets, Caps, Head Dresses, Hair Bands, French Embroideries, Veils, and Trimming Laces. Dresses and Cloaks cut and made to Order. Pinking, Crimping, Stamping for Embroideries. Fashions received Monthly.

## TO YOUNG MEN.

**PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.**—Young Men in every neighborhood may obtain healthful, pleasant and profitable employment, by engaging in the sale of useful and popular Books, and canvassing for our valuable Journals, for terms and particulars, address, post-paid.

FOWLER & WELLS,  
No. 308 BROADWAY, New York.

P. S.—All Agents who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss, while the profits derived will be very liberal. Ap294t